



APR-MAY 10c
No.15

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



MEN! AMAZING NEW "BODYGUARD" BRACES YOUR BACK!

IMPROVES YOUR POSTURE—YOUR APPEARANCE—WHILE YOU WEAR IT!



DOES YOUR BACK ACHIE?



to do a lot of bending, twisting, turning, walking, pushing—no wonder your back gets sore and tired! Now just imagine how much better you'll feel when you've got a firm, comfortable support right where you need it most! That's exactly what the BODYGUARD does for you.

BODYGUARD braces your back with a smooth, soft, comfortable fabric that does not bind you. The s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth fits you like a glove—and the adjustable built-in strap gives you exactly the degree of support you want.

Nature intended Man to walk on four legs. Now that we walk on two feet, in a vertical position, all kinds of problems are created. Your spine and your abdominal and back muscles have to support a lot of extra weight and strain. If you stand on your feet for hours every day, if

FLATTENS YOUR "BAY WINDOW" TOO

BODYGUARD lifts and flattens your bulging bay window while it braces your back. What's more, you get extra support where you need it most by turning your garment around. Turn it to the front and presto!—your bulging stomachline disappears, your midsection is lifted and flattened—you look younger, slimmer, more athletic. And you'll be delighted with the amazing improvement in the way your clothes hang.

TRY IT 10 DAYS FREE

You risk nothing! Send no money now—just the coupon. (Be sure to give waist measurement.) We'll promptly send you your BODYGUARD, plus your extra pouch. On arrival pay postman only \$3.98 plus postage. Then try it on—adjust it the way you want—note how comfortable you feel, how much better you look every moment you wear it! Unless BODYGUARD helps you look better, feel better within 10 days, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. Fair enough? Mail the coupon NOW!

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

BACK-FRONT ADJUSTMENT

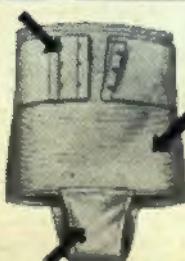
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort back and front!

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed, reversible, made to give wonderful support and protection!

EXTRA POUCH

Extra Pouch! The Bodyguard has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra reversible pouch. Send your order today.



S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, and braces your back, yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 184E1
487 Broadway, New York 13, N.Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a BODYGUARD HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that it includes an extra pouch. In 10 days, I will either return BODYGUARD to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____ (Bend string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy).

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Send up to 48c postage. We pay postage if you enclose \$3.98 now. Full purchase price refund guaranteed if garment is returned within 10 days.

RONNIE SALES, INC., 487 Broadway, New York 13, N.Y.

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WHO CAN DOUBT TALES TOLD OF AGE-OLD HORRORS, OF COSMIC GHOULS THAT ROAM THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF PREY...OF COUNTLESS THINGS THAT WALK BY NIGHT? WHO INDEED, BUT UNBELIEVERS LIKE ROBERT WARSHAM, A SMIRKING, SARCASTIC NEER-DO-WELL WHO RIDICULED WHAT HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN? THEN HE INHERITED THE WARSHAM MILLIONS... AND WITH IT, THE FAMILY CURSE, FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE --WAITING.. WAITING TO DIE BY THE FANGS OF THE MONSTER THAT LURKED IN THE DISMAL SWAMPS...WAITING HELPLESSLY, FEARFULLY..FOR..

"THE WEREWOLF OF WARSHAM MANOR!"



OUR STORY OPENS 20 YEARS AGO IN MAINE AT THE SHABBY HOME OF ROBERT WARSHAM, DISSIPATED SCION AND LAST OF THE WARSHAM CLAN... HE HAS JUST RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM ESSEX, ENGLAND...

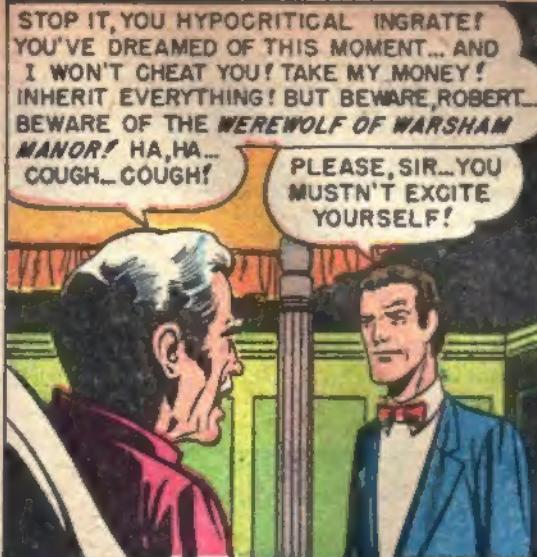
WELL, WELL...SO THE OLD BOY IS DYING!
NOW I'LL BE VERY RICH! HA, HA....
ENGLAND-- HERE I COME!



ASSUMING THE AIR OF A GRIEVING NEPHEW, ROBERT WARSHAM EAGERLY BOOKED PASSAGE TWO DAYS LATER...



...AND ONE WEEK LATER, ARRIVED AT WARSHAM MANOR--AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE SET IN THE DISMAL MOORS AND FOREBODING SWAMPS OF ESSEX, ENGLAND... A REGION OF FOG, TWILIGHT, AND MYSTERY!



YOU'LL LIVE AS I'VE LIVED... MORTALLY AFRAID! IT WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU, ROBERT... WAITING OUT THERE UNDER A FULL MOON... AS HE DOES FOR ME--N-NO--DON'T LEAVE ME... COUGH...

YOUR UNCLE HAS ALWAYS BEEN...UH... SOMEWHAT ECCENTRIC, MR. WARSHAM!

TCH, TCH!
HE'S QUITE BALMY!

NOW I'M AFRAID HE'S MUCH WORSE! HE'S FAILING FAST!



GOOD HEAVENS! H-HIS THROAT HAS BEEN SLASHED FROM EAR TO EAR!

UGH!
BUT HOW? HOW?

BLIMEY! THAT WEREWOLF DID IT! 'E SAID IT WOULD! WE'LL ALL BE NEXT!

HERE! STOP THAT NONSENSE! LOOK! SOMETHING IS MOVING IN THOSE BUSHES!



ROBERT WARSHAM WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT THOROUGHLY CONVINCED OF HIS UNCLE'S INSANITY! BUT...

W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM UNCLE'S ROOM!



A WOLF! A HUGE, WHITE WOLF! AN' THERE AIN'T ANY SUCH ANIMALS IN THESE PARTS! 'E WAS RIGHT, I TELL YOU... OI'M LEAVIN!

GOOD LORD!



MR. WARSHAM... BAH! IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE, DOCTOR! THE WINDOW MUST HAVE BEEN OPEN... THE ANIMAL NEEDED FOOD... UNCLE STRUGGLED...THAT'S THE ONLY WAY IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED! WE'LL SHOOT IT TOMORROW...NOW LET'S GO BACK INSIDE!

BUT NO TRACE COULD BE FOUND OF THE WOLF THE NEXT DAY, NOR IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED! THINGS GRADUALLY QUIETED DOWN AT WARSHAM MANOR, AND ROBERT ASSUMED CONTROL OF THE ESTATE...

"AND I LEAVE MY ENTIRE ESTATE... MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL TO MY NEPHEW, ROBERT WARSHAM!" SIGNED... SILAS WARSHAM, ESO.



HA, HA...SHAY... THIS IS REALLY THE LIFE!

AND HERE'S A BAUBLE FOR YOUR BEAUTY, MY DEAR!

PUT 2000 POUNDS ON UNITED GRAIN!

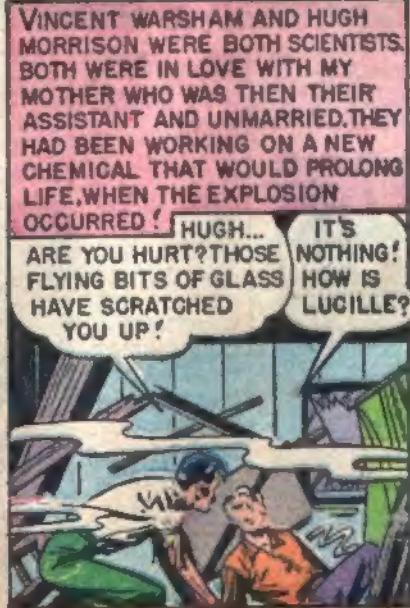
SOON AFTERWARDS, THE IRRESPONSIBLE NEPHEW SQUANDERED AWAY HIS MONEY ON PARTIES, FOOLISH BUSINESS AND GAY ESCAPADES...

WHY...IT'S A BROKEN HALF OF A NECKLACE! AND THIS DUSTY BOOK IS UNCLE'S DIARY! WELL...SO THE SLY OLD-DOG HAD SOME SECRETS, EH? WONDER WHAT IT SAYS...

VINCENT WARSHAM AND HUGH MORRISON WERE BOTH SCIENTISTS. BOTH WERE IN LOVE WITH MY MOTHER WHO WAS THEN THEIR ASSISTANT AND UNMARRIED. THEY HAD BEEN WORKING ON A NEW CHEMICAL THAT WOULD PROLONG LIFE, WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED!

HUGH... ARE YOU HURT? THOSE FLYING BITS OF GLASS HAVE SCRATCHED YOU UP!

IT'S NOTHING! HOW IS LUCILLE?



I GAVE HER A SEDATIVE TO QUIET HER... HUGH! YOUR HANDS... YOUR FACE!

I... I FEEL FUNNY... MY FINGERS ARE GETTING STIFF... MY BACK IS CURVING... I CAN'T STAND UP!



MOANING WITH DESPAIR, MORRISON DRAGGED HIMSELF UP TO THE SLEEPING GIRL...

THE CHEMICAL MUST HAVE BEEN ON THOSE BITS OF GLASS! YOU DID THIS TO ME... YOU PLANNED IT THIS WAY! BUT I'LL STILL HAVE LUCILLE!

GET AWAY! YOU HAVE BROKEN HER NECK-LACE!

CONQUERING HIS REVULSION, VINCENT WARSHAM PLACED HIS HAND ON THE SHOULDER OF HIS FRIEND TO LEAD HIM GENTLY AWAY... BUT SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAD OCCURRED! HUGH MORRISON WAS DEAD! IN HIS PLACE STOOD A TERRIBLE, GIGANTIC, SLAVERING BEAST!

GROOOOWRRR!
GREAT SCOT...

FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, VINCENT, IN DESPERATION, PLUNGED A SURGICAL KNIFE INTO THE MONSTER'S CHEST...

A-R-A-R-A-H-H!

YOUR BLOOD IS CURSED FOREVER, VINCENT WARSHAM! I SHALL COME BACK FOR YOU... AT FULL MOON WHEN YOU ARE OF THE AGE I WAS BEFORE THIS CHANGE... AT... FULL...L... UNHHHH!

THE REST IS UNEVENTFUL... THE POLICE DISPOSED OF THE BEAST'S CARCASS, AND LISTED MORRISON AS MISSING, REFUSING TO BELIEVE THE STRANGE STORY THAT WAS TOLD THEM. MY FATHER CHANGED HIS PROFESSION AFTER MARRYING LUCILLE.... AND MAT AND I WERE BORN SEVEN YEARS APART! ONE NIGHT, WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OF AGE ...

DAD--WATCH OUT!

WE RAN TO HELP HIM... BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! FATHER DIED AT FORTY FIVE YEARS OF AGE... THE SAME AGE AS HUGH MORRISON!

IT WAS A WOLF... A BIG WHITE WOLF!

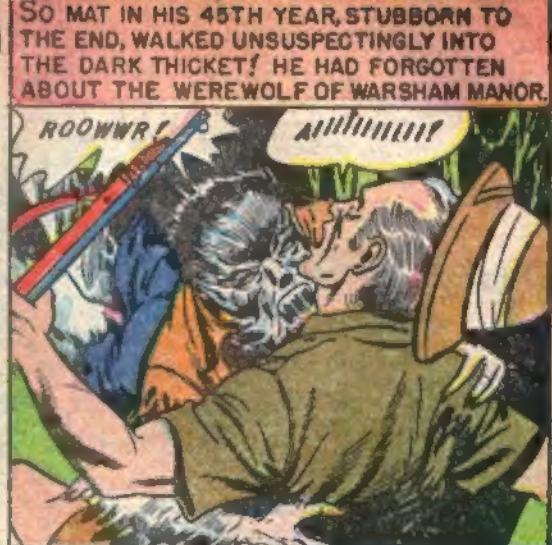
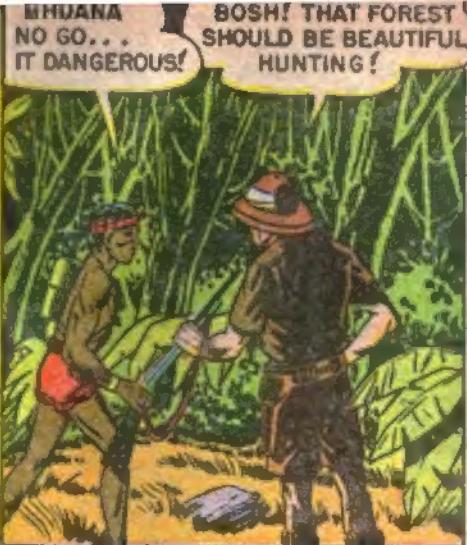
MY SONS-- I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING.

MOTHER DIED SOON AFTERWARDS. DURING THE MANY YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, WE ALL BUT FORGOT THE WARSHAM CURSE, WHAT WITH MAT MARRIED, AND SEVERAL YEARS LATER A WIDOWER-- AND I A BUSINESSMAN.

SILAS, LOOK! AFTER MY BOY, I'M OFF TO AFRICA ON BUSINESS!

WE'RE GETTING OLD, MAT! IMAGINE YOUNG ROBERT BEING 23!

YES...
MANY
YEARS
HAD
PASSED...
I HAD
BECOME
THE EX-
ECUTOR
OF THE
WARSHAM
ESTATE.
WHILE MAT
WORKED FOR
AN INTER-
NATIONALLY-
KNOWN
EXPORT
FIRM, WHILE
HE WAS
IN AFRICA...



THAT IS ALL THERE IS!
THE OLD BOY WAS
LOONEY ALL RIGHT!
THOSE DEATHS WERE
ONLY FREAK ACCIDENTS!
HA... WHAT NONSENSE!
NOTHING'S GOING TO
HAPPEN TO ME!



BUT HE WAS SOON TO LEARN
OTHERWISE! ONE NIGHT, AS HE
WAS COMING HOME FROM A TRIP
TO LONDON...

THIS ROTTEN ENGINE WOULD
CONK OUT JUST WHEN I'M YARDS
FROM THE HOUSE! I...WHAT'S
THAT?



ROOO-
WWWWWR!
IT... IT CAN'T BE! I MUST BE
DREAMING... THE WOLF THAT
KILLED UNCLE... THE SAME
MARKINGS... WHY IT'S STANDING
UP! RUNNING TOWARDS ME!
YAAAAAAAHHHH!!



SCREAMING WITH TERROR, ROBERT WARSHAM
RAN FOR HIS LIFE!

PUFF... PUFF... ANOTHER MOMENT, AND...
UNCLE SILAS WAS SANE AFTER ALL! THAT...
THAT THING WAS NO ORDINARY ANIMAL!
IT WAS EVIL... SOB... AND I'VE FALLEN
HEIR TO IT!



GOT TO ESCAPE! I WON'T STAY HERE AND LET IT GET ME! I'LL TRAVEL... YES! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO... TRAVEL FAR AWAY FROM THAT..THAT HORROR!



SO ROBERT WARSHAM BEGAN A SERIES OF JOURNEYS THAT WERE TO LAST HIM TWENTY YEARS! STILL A RICH MAN, HE TRAVELED THROUGH COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY...

IT'S STILL AFTER ME!



I SAW IT... MUST LEAVE...



TIRED... CAN'T KEEP THIS UP... I'LL GO TO AMERICA!



AND FINALLY, BACK IN HIS HOME IN MAINE, THE TORTURED MAN TOOK TO HIS BED IN SICK ANGUISH...

I'M NO BETTER OFF THAN UNCLE SILAS! PEOPLE THINK I'M CRAZY! WHY DON'T THEY BELIEVE ME? HERE IS THE DIARY AND THE NECKLACE TO PROVE MY STORY!



HAVE YOU ONCE BEEN HARMED BY THIS...AH...WERE-WOLF? NO, IT'S A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION BROUGHT ON BY THOSE UNFORTUNATE DEATHS IN YOUR FAMILY! WHY DON'T YOU CELEBRATE YOUR 45TH BIRTHDAY AT MY PARTY TONIGHT? YOU NEED THE RELAXATION!



PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, DR. TEAGUE!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY...

YOU SEE, ROBERT... HA...HA...AND FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN RUNNING IT'S 12 O'CLOCK... AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO YOU AFTER ALL!

DELUSION! HA, HA... TAKE THIS FIENDISH BOOK...BURN IT... DON'T EVER LET ME SEE IT AGAIN!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! BUT NO MORE! I'M GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF...HEY WHERE'S THE SHERRY WINE? I WANT TO MAKE A TOAST!

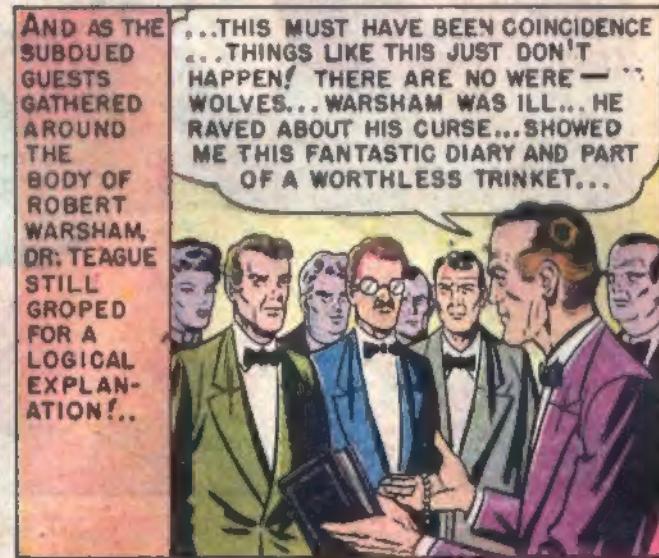


IT'S IN THE LIBRARY, DEAH! BUT DO HURRY BACK...CECIL IS GOING TO TELL YOU ONE OF HIS DARLING STORIES AGAIN...!

AND SOME MINUTES LATER WHILE IN THE LIBRARY...

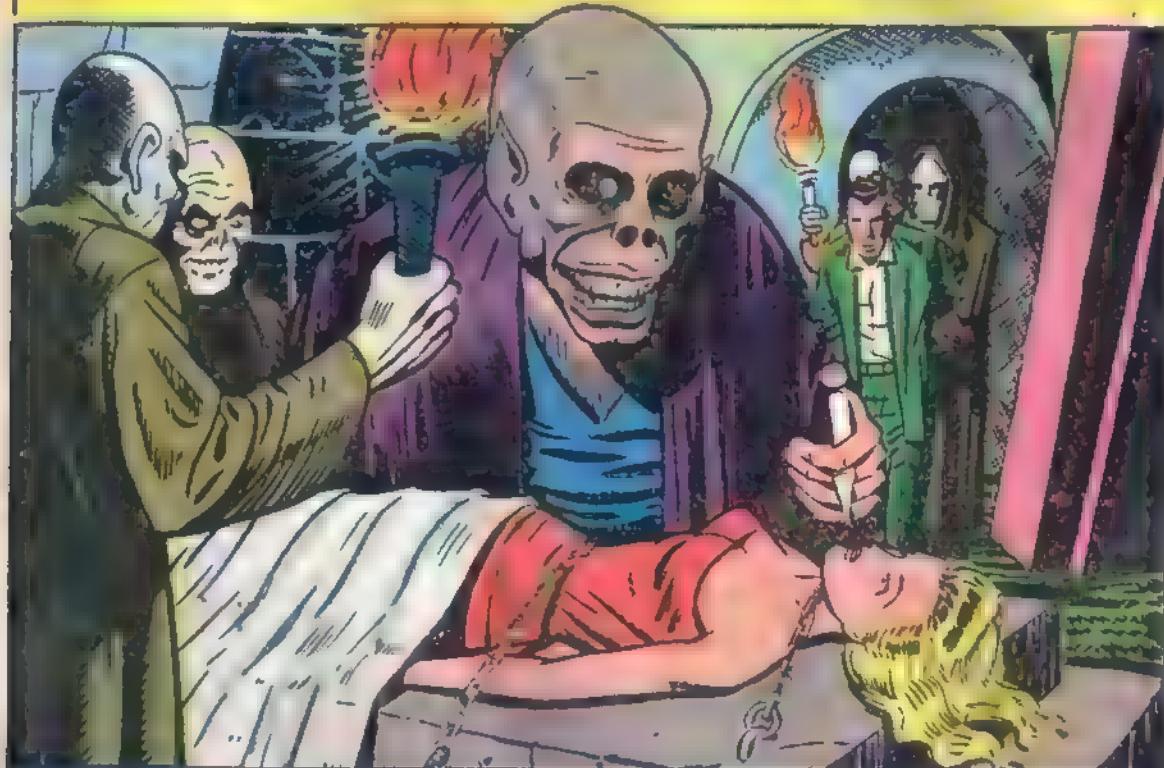
IS THAT YOU, DR. TEAGUE? HELP ME CARRY THIS PUNCH BOWL INSIDE...





WHAT WAS THE TERROR THAT LURKED IN THE FILTH AND SLIME OF WATERS LONG FORGOTTEN? WALTER AUSTIN AND ADRIANA ROLLANDE, VERY MUCH IN LOVE, COULD NOT ANSWER THIS QUESTION HAD IT BEEN ASKED OF THEM. BUT WHEN THEY WERE BACK TO BACK WITH A MONSTER THAT HAD BEEN ALIVE FOR CENTURIES--AND AN ARMY OF THE UNDEAD--DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, THEY REALIZED THAT THEIR FATE AND THAT OF THE WORLD'S HUNG IN BALANCE. A WRONG MOVE WOULD DOOM HUMANITY FOREVER TO THE GHASTLY HORROR OF THE

"KING OF THE LIVING DEAD!"



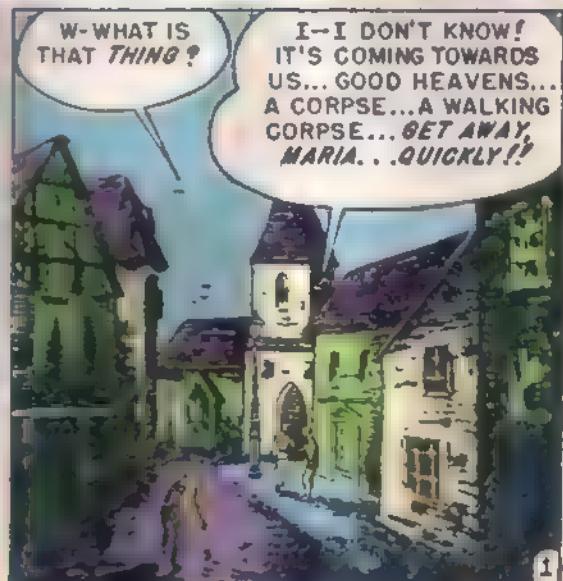
ON A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIT NIGHT IN THE LARGE COSMOPOLITAN CITY OF BUDAPEST, A YOUNG MAN AND HIS GIRL ARE SAYING GOODNIGHT WHEN...

JOHANN... DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

YES... IT SOUNDED LIKE A SCRAPING, SHUFFLING, NOISE!

W-WHAT IS THAT THING?

I-I DON'T KNOW! IT'S COMING TOWARDS US... GOOD HEAVENS... A CORPSE... A WALKING CORPSE... GET AWAY, MARIA... QUICKLY!!



I CAN'T FIGHT IT--!
HELP... IT'S GOT ME BY
THE THROAT... HE...L...
ARGH-H-H!

N-NO... PLEASE --
STAY AWAY--DON'T
TOUCH ME...

AHHHHH!

AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD SPRUNG
FROM THE SHADOWS, THE NIGHT-
MARSH CREATURE QUICKLY
SCOOPED UP THE TWO QUIET FORMS
IN ITS GRUESOME ARMS AND MELT-
ED MYSTERIOUSLY INTO THE NIGHT!

SOMETIME LATER, IN A WEIRD, TOMB-LIKE
CAVERN IN AN UNDISCLOSED PART OF THE
CITY...

SO--! TWO MORE "RECRUITS" FOR
MY ARMY OF WALKING-DEAD! HA, HA...
EXCELLENT! THROW THAT ONE INTO
THE PIT... AND PLACE THE GIRL HERE
ON THIS TABLE!

OHNN...

YOUR FACE STIFFENS...
YOUR EYES BULGE... DO YOU
FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE
POISON SO SOON, LITTLE
ONE? HAVE NO FEAR... IT
WILL NOT PAIN YOU MUCH
LONGER--! HA, HA...

THAT...THAT THING
KILLED MY JOHANN--
AND NOW...YOU WANT
TO KILL ME! I--I CAN
SEE IT ON YOUR
FACE! LET ME GO...!

SCREAM ALL YOU
LIKE, MY DEAR!
THERE IS NO ONE
HERE TO HELP YOU--
EXCEPT MY SERVANTS--
AND THEY...HA, HA...
ARE DEAD! HA, HA...

GOOD! SHE IS DEAD! WHAT MY SERVANTS
DO WITH THEIR HANDS, I ACCOMPLISH
WITH THIS CHEMICAL! THEY DIE QUICKLY!
NOW PLACE HER BODY WITH THAT OF
THE OTHERS, MY PET, SO THAT SHE
WILL SOON BE LIKE YOU!



THE THING PICKED UP THE BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL AND THREW IT INTO AN UNDERGROUND PIT FILLED WITH SULFUROUS SMOKE AND A STRANGE FLICKERING BLUE FIRE THAT DID NOT BURN LIKE ORDINARY FLAME! MOMENTS LATER...



YOU ARE MY ETERNAL SLAVES! LIFE AND DEATH NO LONGER HOLD ANY MEANING FOR YOU! GO NOW... AND BRING BACK OTHERS... AND SOON... SOON, THE WORLD SHALL HEAR OF US! HA, HA...



THE YOUNG MAN WAS A REPRESENTATIVE FOR HIS AMERICAN EXPORT FIRM IN BUDAPEST, AND SINCE THEIR RESPECTIVE CAREERS HAD MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR BOTH TO BE TOGETHER FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME BEFORE THEY GOT MARRIED, IT WAS NATURAL FOR THEM TO RUSH AWAY...

HEY, DON'T CRY, HONEY! WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN... THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

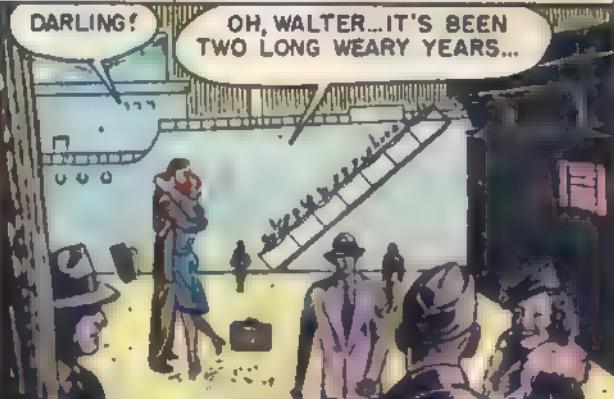


FROM OUT OF THAT PIT, ROSE CORPSE AFTER CORPSE--SHRUNKEN, WITHERED--HORRIBLY TRANSFORMED... WITH A NEW KIND OF LIFE... MONSTERS FROM THE BEYOND!

STAND UP! WALK! STOP! YOU ARE MINE NOW... MINE TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE!



THE SECONDS FLED INTO MINUTES, INTO HOURS... THE HOURS RIPENED INTO DAYS... AND ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY, SOME TWO WEEKS LATER... ADRIANA ROLLANDE, WORLD FAMOUS BALLERINA, JUST OFF THE BOAT FROM A TOUR, WAS GREETED BY HER FIANCÉ, WALTER AUSTEN...



THE REST OF THAT DAY WAS SPENT IN A GAY CELEBRATION OF THEIR HAPPINESS...



THAT NIGHT, AFTER A MERRY ROUND OF NIGHTCLUBS, WALTER AND ADRIANA, VERY MUCH IN LOVE, DROVE UP TO HER HOUSE...

DEAREST, LET'S NOT WAIT ANY LONGER! WE'LL GET MARRIED, RIGHT AWAY!

YES, DARLING... YES! I WAS SILLY TO THINK THAT I COULD KEEP MY CAREER AND STILL BE HAPPY! YOU'RE MY CAREER NOW!



IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT THREE GRUESOME FORMS SLOWLY SEPARATED FROM THE DEEP SHADOWS OF THE HOUSE, AND...

WALTER--BEHIND YOU!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

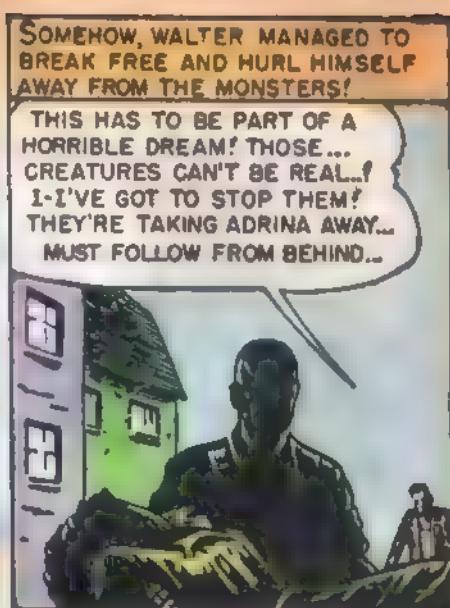
WHA!

BEFORE WALTER COULD PUT UP A STRUGGLE, HE WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND!

UNHH!

SOMEHOW, WALTER MANAGED TO BREAK FREE AND HURL HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE MONSTERS!

THIS HAS TO BE PART OF A HORRIBLE DREAM! THOSE... CREATURES CAN'T BE REAL... I-I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THEY'RE TAKING ADRIANA AWAY... MUST FOLLOW FROM BEHIND...



GATHERING UP HIS STRENGTH, WALTER SHADOWED THE WALKING DEAD THROUGH BACK STREETS UNTIL THE GROTESQUE FIGURES CAME TO A YAWNING SEWER NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

T-THEY'RE GOING
INTO IT! WHY WOULD THEY
DO THAT? I'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT!



WALTER LOWERED HIMSELF INTO THE FORBIDDING DARKNESS OF THE SEWER, THUS STARTING ON THE MOST FANTASTIC JOURNEY OF ALL TIME! CRAWLING PAST THE ROARING TURBO-ELECTRIC DYNAMOES OF THE CONCRETE DAMS, HE CAME TO THE OLDEST PART OF THE SYSTEM...

THEY WENT INSIDE THAT CONDEMNED PASSAGEWAY... IT LOOKS ROTTED! GOT TO BE CAREFUL...



ENTERING THE STINKING LABYRINTHS OF SLIME, THE AMERICAN WADED THROUGH NECK-HIGH POOLS OF INDESCRIBABLE FILTH! COLONIES OF HUGE RATS GIBBERED AND SQUEAKED THEIR HATE-FILLED PROTESTS AGAINST THIS INTRUSION OF THEIR DOMAIN... WHIRLS OF WATER RUSHED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE GARBAGE AND DEBRIS CLOTTED INTO INTER-LOCKING MESHES OF DIRTY OOZE...



THE PASSAGEWAY NOW TURNED DOWNWARD AT A 45° ANGLE, SINKING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH! FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, WALTER PUSHED FORWARD, ACCOMPANIED ALWAYS BY THE SCAMPERINGS OF SLITHERING MONSTROSITIES AND PLOPPING GURGLES OF ANCIENT CESSPOOLS LONG FORGOTTEN...

THE CORRIDOR... IT'S WIDENING!

THERE--UPON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING UNBELIEVABLE DEPTHS--WAS A CAVERN CARVED OUT OF MOLTEN ROCK--A VERITABLE BRIDGE TO ANOTHER WORLD PERCHED UPON THE SHEER BRINK OF HELL!

IT...IT'S INCREDIBLE! A PLACE LIKE THIS DOWN HERE! AND THOSE CREATURES ARE CARRYING ADRINA INSIDE!

AND WITHIN THE CAVERN...

THAT HYPODERMIC... GET AWAY! YOU'RE MAD... MAD!

ONE SHOT OF THIS FLUID, AND YOU WILL REST FOREVER! HA, HA...

HEARING ADRINA'S SCREAMS, WALTER RAN DOWN THE INCLINE INTO THE CAVERN!

WALTER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, MISTER... BUT IT CAN'T BE GOOD!

SMACK!

UGHH-H!

BUT THE MADMAN WAS POSSESSED WITH A DEMON'S STRENGTH! DROPPING THE HYPODERMIC, HE GRABBED WALTER, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE BEGAN! THE AMERICAN, HOWEVER, REACHED OUT FOR A JAR FROM A NEARBY TABLE, AND -

GREAT SCOT! THE ACID IS MELTING HIS FLESH! LOOK--!!

ARGH-H-H!



YES, LOOK! THERE IS NO MORE NEED TO DISGUISE MYSELF! I AM NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT, AM I? YET, I WAS HUMAN LIKE YOURSELVES...ONCE... LONG AGO...WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG...



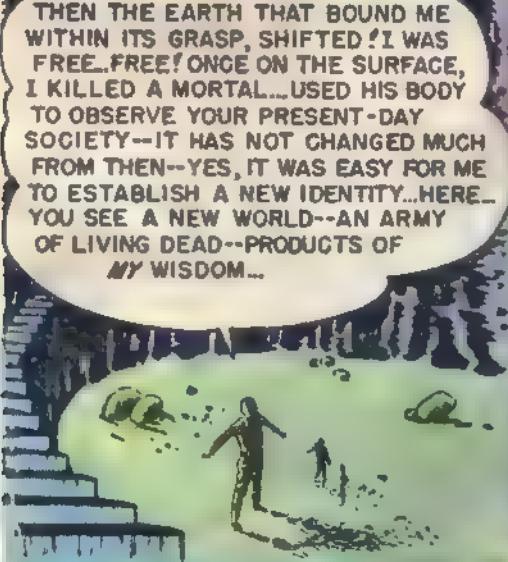
THE SURFACE PEOPLE BURIED ME ALIVE HERE... IN THIS CAVERN...FOR EONS OF TIME, I LAY IMPRISONED IN THIS TOMB OF DIRT AND ROCK... UNABLE TO DIE BECAUSE OF THE LIFE-GIVING FUMES OF THE PIT...DAMNED BECAUSE OF MY PRACTICE OF "EVIL MAGIC"...THEY CALLED IT...



THEN THE EARTH THAT BOUND ME WITHIN ITS GRASP, SHIFTED! I WAS FREE...FREE! ONCE ON THE SURFACE, I KILLED A MORTAL...USED HIS BODY TO OBSERVE YOUR PRESENT-DAY SOCIETY--IT HAS NOT CHANGED MUCH FROM THEN--YES, IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO ESTABLISH A NEW IDENTITY...HERE... YOU SEE A NEW WORLD--AN ARMY OF LIVING DEAD--PRODUCTS OF MY WISDOM...

...FASHIONED AFTER MY OWN EXISTENCE...AND READY TO CONQUER THE OUTSIDE WORLD! YES...YOU WILL PAY FOR MY AGELESS TORMENT... YOU WILL ALL PAY!

WALTER...WATCH OUT! IT...IT'S COMING FOR US!



THE COURAGEOUS AMERICAN, HOWEVER, GRABBED A FLICKERING TORCH, AND...

NEEEEEEE!



OH, MY DARLING... I...I...THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! TELL ME I'M DREAMING THIS...

IT'S REAL ALL RIGHT, DEAR... AND IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE, WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED!



THE MONSTER, SEEING THAT ITS INTENDED VICTIMS WERE TO BE SPARED, UTTERED A PIERCING SHRIEK! FROM THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE CAVERN'S WALLS, THE HORRIBLE CORPSES OF THE DEAD LOOSENED THEMSELVES FROM THEIR RESTING PLACES LIKE SO MANY GIANT BATS AND QUICKLY PURSUED THE HUMANS!



BACK PAST THE FILTHY WHIRLPOOLS
AND THE COLONIES OF RATS RAN THE
YOUNG COUPLE... AND ALWAYS BEHIND
THEM WAS THAT WEIRD HORDE!

IT...IT'S NO USE,
WALTER...LEAVE
ME! I...I CAN'T
GO ON ANY
FURTHER!

THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY OUT
OF THIS! THERE
HAS TO BE! THAT
ROCK OVER THERE...
IT MIGHT WORK!



THIS IS
THE END,
DEAR...
HOLD ME—
HOLD ME
CLOSE!

WE'LL
WIN YET,
ADRIANA—
LOOK!

THE FLOOR OF THE PAS-
SAGWAY QUAKED... AND AN
OMINOUS GRATING NOISE
INCREASED TO A RUMBLING
THUNDER! THE VIBRATIONS
OF THE RHYTHMIC FOOT-
STEPS OF THE HELLISH HOST
HAVE LOOSENERED THE MOULDY
FRAMEWORK OF THE ALREADY
WEAKENED STRUCTURE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, A BUBBLE
OR TWO OF YELLOWISH SCUM MARKED
THE SURFACE, ONLY TO BE REPLACED
AFTERWARDS BY THE ULTIMATE
CALMNESS OF TOTAL DEATH!



STUMBLING BACK TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE
"UNDERWORLD", WALTER USED EVERY LAST REMAIN-
ING OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH TO MOVE THE BOUL-
DER THAT SUPPORTED THE FRAMEWORK OF THE
PASSAGeway THROUGH WHICH THE CREATURES MUST
COME!

UGH! IT MOVED AN
INCH... ONLY AN INCH! AND I
CAN'T PUSH IT ANY MORE!



INSTANTANEOUSLY, A GIANT CESS-
POOL OF FILTH REGURGITATED OVER
THE UNFORTUNATES, DROWNING
THOSE WHO HAD REMAINED BEHIND!



MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, AS THE NUMBED COUPLE
BROKE THROUGH TO THE SURFACE, THEY FOUND
THAT IT WAS MORNING IN THE CITY!

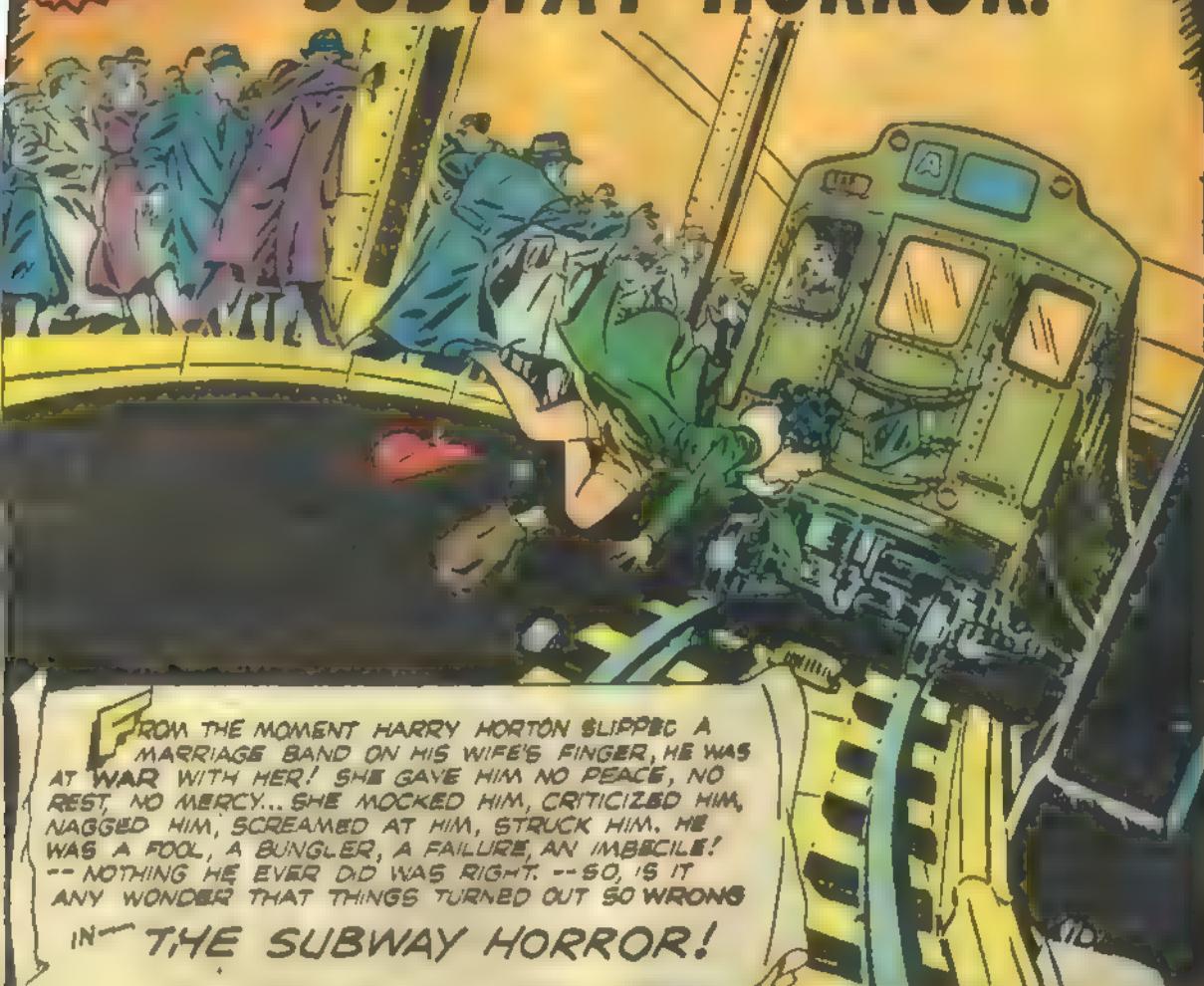
WALTER--
IS IT ALL
OVER?

YES, MY DARLING! THEY
HAVE GONE BACK TO THE HELL
THAT SPAWNED THEM... AND
NEVER TO RETURN! THERE'S
ONLY YOU AND ME NOW-- AND
LOVE--FOR ETERNITY!



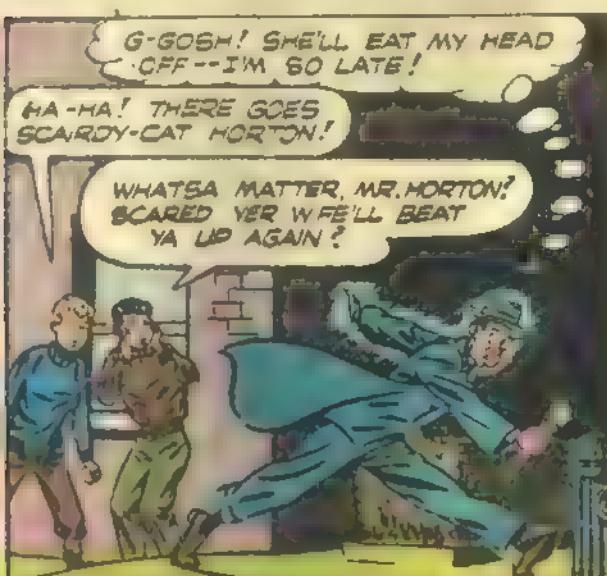
THE

SUBWAY HORROR!



FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE MOCKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, NAGGED HIM, SCREAMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG

IN THE SUBWAY HORROR!

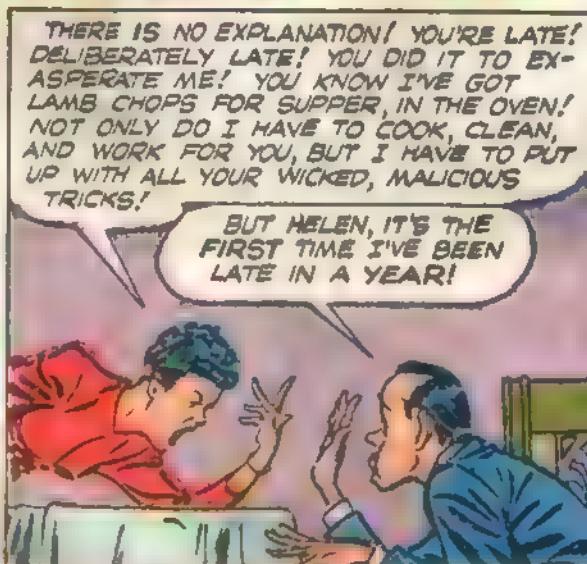


...BUT TWON'T DO NO GOOD! SHE'LL YELL
JUST THE SAME! YOU'LL HEAR HER
WAY UP AND DOWN THE COURT!

LET'S GET UPSTAIRS
FAST, SO'S WE CAN
LISTEN!

UPSTAIRS--

HELEN!! I'M SORRY
I'M LATE! E

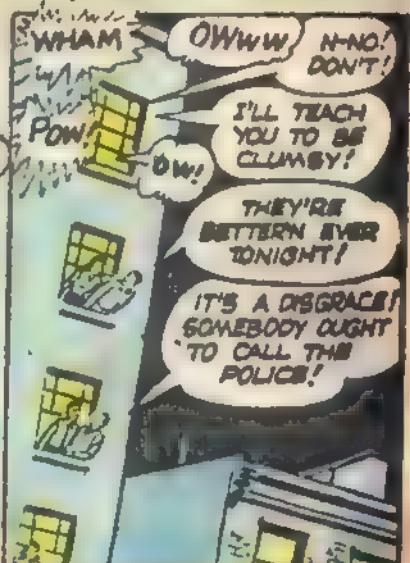
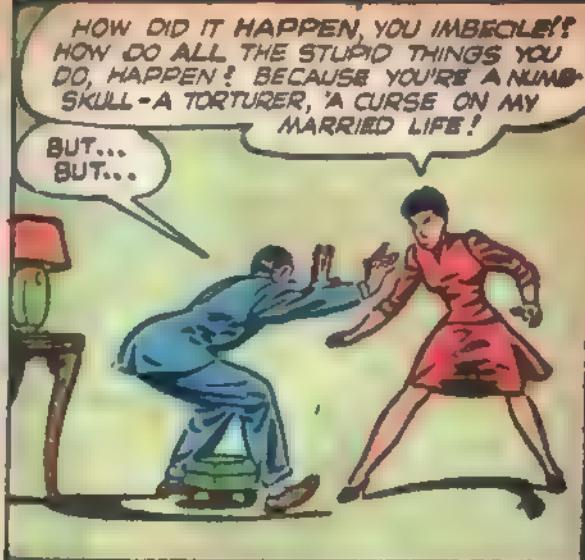


LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!!
ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREETS! LOOK AT
THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT
IT... IT'S
RUINED!

G-GOSH, HOW DID
THAT HAPPEN...?

HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IMBROLE?
HOW DO ALL THE STUPID THINGS YOU
DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NUM-
SKULL-A TORTURER, 'A CURSE ON MY
MARRIED LIFE!

BUT...
BUT...



HALF HOUR LATER...

THANK GOD SHE'S
LEAVING... IF I
HEARD HER VOICE
ANOTHER MINUTE,
I WOULD GO MAD!

—AND IF YOU THINK I'M STAYING
HERE ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A
NUMSKULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER
THAN I THINK YOU ARE! --AND YOU
KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!



...MAD AS A
MURDERER!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE LAMB CHOPS! WHAT WAS SHE COMPLAINING ABOUT? FOOLISH QUESTION! WHAT DOES SHE EVER COMPLAIN ABOUT!



NO SENSE STAYING HOME ALONE! I'LL GO TO A MOVIE! THE MOVIE TICKETS ARE IN THE UPPER DRAWER OF THE BUREAU!...



THERE IT IS! HOLD ON! --I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KEPT HER LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HERE--



IF HELEN SHOULD DIE...I GET \$5000! I'M THE BENEFICIARY OF HER POLICY! HMM-HMM--



LATER--



INSIDE--

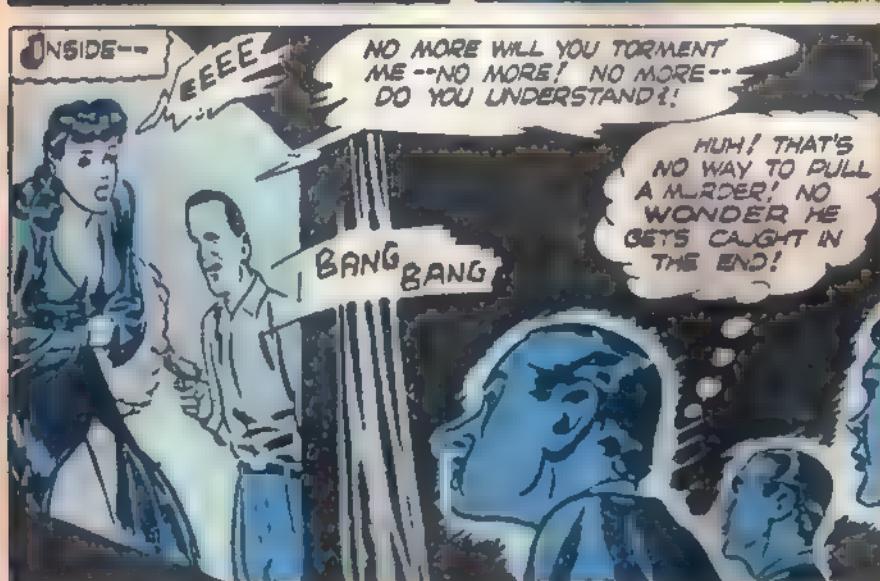
NEEEE

NO MORE WILL YOU TORMENT ME --NO MORE! NO MORE-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!

BANG BANG

HUM! THAT'S NO WAY TO PULL A MURDER! NO WONDER HE GETS CAUGHT IN THE END!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CLEVER... MUCH CLEVERER!



THE NEXT EVENING...

SMART OF ME TO GET FRANKIE TO PUNCH MY TIME CARD! THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES MARGIN GIVES ME A PERFECT ALIBI!



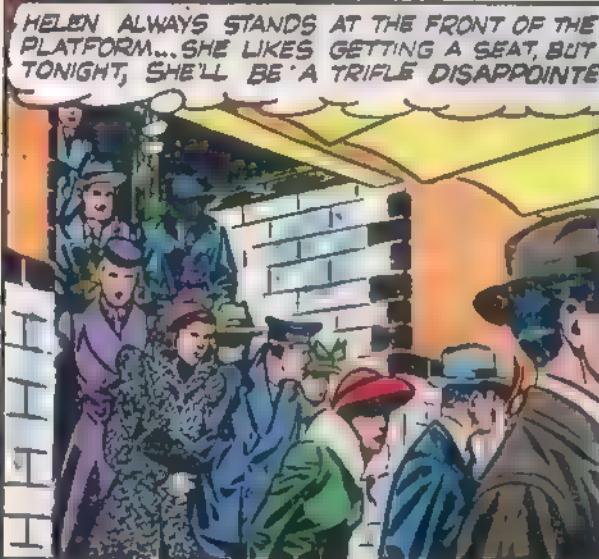
THERE'S HELEN! NOW TO TRAIL HER TO THE SUBWAY WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!



IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE SHE'S REALLY GOING, SHE WOULDN'T HURRY LIKE THAT!



HELEN ALWAYS STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE PLATFORM... SHE LIKES GETTING A SEAT, BUT TONIGHT, SHE'LL BE A TRIPLE DISAPPOINTED!



AH, SHE'S AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE PLATFORM! SINCE IT IS RUSH HOUR... A LITTLE COMMOTION--A LITTLE PUSHING, IS ONLY NATURAL!



STOP READIN', GERT! I HEAR THE TRAIN COMIN'--

NOW--TO PRETEND THAT SOMEBODY'S PUSHING ME!

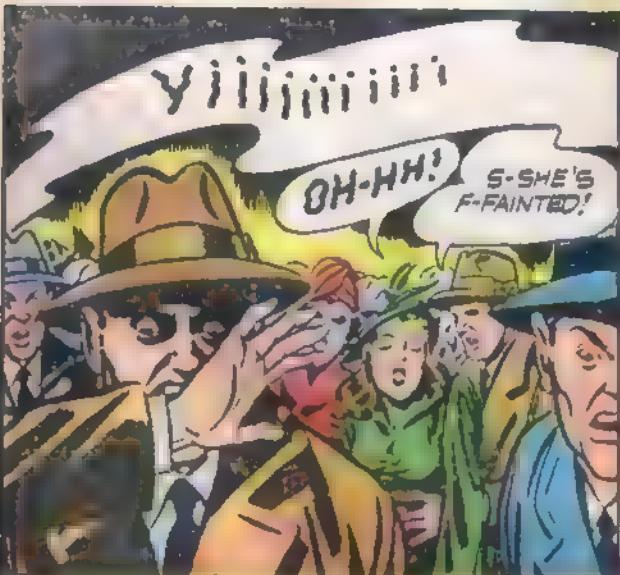
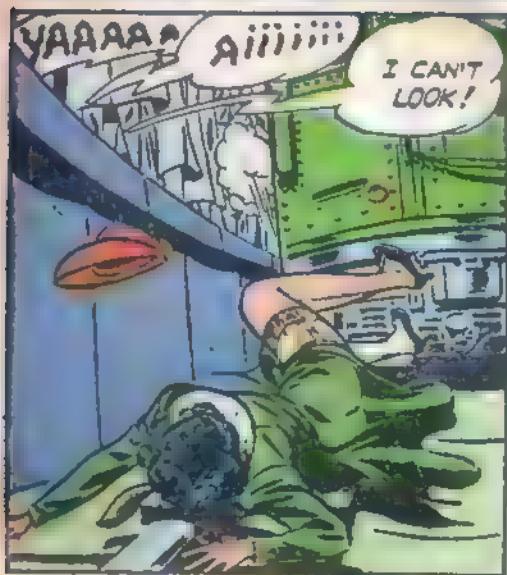
R-R-R-R



H-HEY! WHATSA IDEA OF PUSHING! CAN'TCHA WAIT FOR A SEAT?

R-R-R-R





SHORTLY AFTER--

I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY SO MANGLED TO PIECES IN MY LIFE! SHE AIN'T A WOMAN ANYMORE--SHE'S A MESS!



MEANWHILE, AS THE LOCAL MOVES THROUGH THE TUBES--

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S CAUSING THE ROAR IN MY EARS! MUST BE THE EXCITEMENT OF HELEN'S DEATH!



MINUTES LATER--

RRR-R R R R R R

BUT THE NOISE DOESN'T GO AWAY...IT'S LOUDER! W-WHAT CAN IT BE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BUT THE NOISE... JUST THE NOISE!

WELL, THE NEXT STATION'S MINE! MAYBE IF I GET OUT OF THE SUBWAY, IT'LL DISAPPEAR!



BUT NOW IT'S WORSE! THE TRAIN'S GONE, YET IT'S AS IF THE TRAIN'S EVEN CLOSER THAN BEFORE!



THANK GOODNESS I'M HOME! I CAN TAKE SOME THING TO RELIEVE THAT HORRIBLE ROARING NOISE! HOW'LL I HEAR THE TELEPHONE WHEN THE POLICE CALL ABOUT HELEN!



HELLO, HARRY! AREN'T YOU HOME EARLY TONIGHT!

YOU!

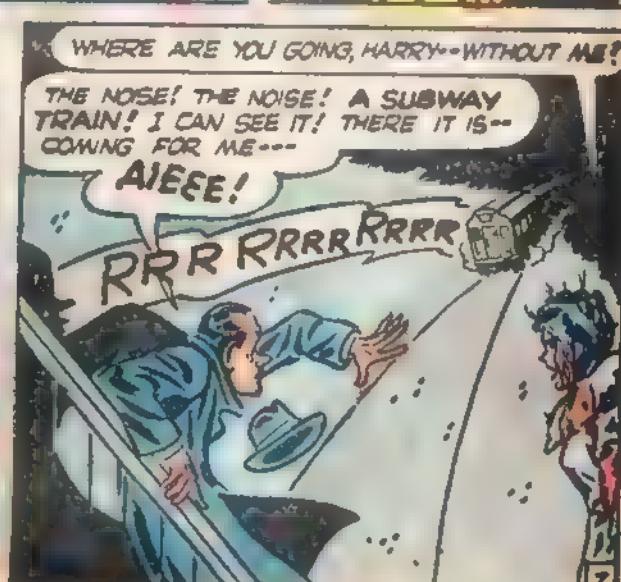


WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HARRY--WITHOUT ME?

THE NOISE! THE NOISE! A SUBWAY TRAIN! I CAN SEE IT! THERE IT IS-- COMING FOR ME--

AIEEE!

RRR RRRRRRRRR



BUT THIS CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD, HELEN... YOU'RE DEAD!!

AM I, HARRY?
DOES IT LOOK
AS THOUGH I
AM DEAD?
HEH...HEH!

I'M GOING MAD! I'M SEEING
THINGS! WHAT IS A SUB-
WAY TRAIN DOING HERE?

THAT IS FOR YOU
TO ANSWER,
HARRY!

TAKE IT AWAY!
TAKE IT AWAY!
TAKE IT AWAY!



HALF HOUR LATER--

HARRY DEAD? FELL
FROM THE ROOF! BUT
HOW? WHAT WAS
HE DOING ON THE
ROOF?

WE DON'T KNOW,
MRS MORTON---
EVERYBODY
HEARD HIM
SCREAMING, AND
SAW HIM FALL, BUT
NOBODY KNOWS WHAT
HE WAS SCREAMING
ABOUT!

TWO DAYS LATER--AT THE
OFFICE....

WHERE'S MARGIE,
TODAY? I WANT MY FUR COAT
BACK--I ONLY LENT IT TO
HER FOR A DATE, AND NOW
SHE'S NOT
HERE!

ILL SAY SHE'S
NOT HERE, HELEV!
SHE WAS KILLED TWO
DAYS AGO IN THE
SUBWAY--SHE FELL OFF
THE PLATFORM--IT WAS
HORRIBLE!

NO KIDDING? ISN'T
THAT FUNNY? THEN
MARGIE DIED THE
SAME DAY AS MY
HARRY, AND MY
COAT WAS ON HER
BACK!...





DOUBLE TROUBLE

THE TINY narrow-gauge train puffed around the final curve as it snaked its way through the jungle and the sprawled shacks of Piney No. 5 came into view.

A man stood in the clearing called a station, mopping his face from which the sweat ran off in long rivulets. He shook his head in relief as the train rattled to a stop before him.

"You're Rance Macklin, aren't you?" he called. "Thought you'd never get here."

"I'm Hank Bache," he continued, "why you'd want a job out here is beyond me. You must be nuts!"

A battered straw hat, identifiable as the train hand, suddenly turned in surprise and stared at the two men. "Hey!" he said, "are you guys brothers? You look like twins! I thought I was seein' double for a minute!"

The men laughed and looked at each other appraisingly. "You know," smiled Bache, he's got something there. Since we look like brothers how about bunking in with me. Come on, I'll show you where it is."

They crossed the steaming clearing and headed toward a shack gasping for a little shade under a lone palm tree.

"One of these days I'll get out of here!" Bache said, "I hate this place! I hate the jungle! Just wait till you've been here as long as I have and you'll know what I mean."

They entered the battered building and Macklin tossed his gear on the floor of the simply furnished, single room. A couple of iron bedsteads, a rickety table, two chairs and a smoke-blackened kerosene lamp completed its furnishings.

"How long have you been here, anyway?" asked Macklin, hauling out a huge mosquito net.

"Six years," snapped Bache. "Six years of this!"

Macklin lit a cigarette and looked up. "Can't see it," he said, "I haven't been home in twenty years. Getting out means nothing to me. I've got a twenty-room house and two hundred acres back home. So what?"

"Now I know you're crazy," said Bache, staring. "Come on, I'll take you down to the office and introduce you to the others."

As the hot, steaming weeks went by Macklin and Bache became close friends. They had the same likes and dislikes, they even thought alike. They might very well have been twins except for one thing. Bache wanted to leave and Macklin wanted to stay.

Little by little Bache found himself becoming obsessed with the thought of that twenty-room house and those two hundred acres that Macklin didn't want... that would be salvation to him. More and more he questioned Macklin about what it was like, where it was, how it looked. He couldn't help himself.

One hot night they sat in the recreation shack

trying to keep cool on drinks that only made them hotter. Bache looked across the table at Rance Macklin and spoke.

"Well, here's to getting out of this stinking jungle! And here's to... where did you say that estate of yours was?"

Macklin, slightly drunk, wavered in his chair and beckoned confidentially. "Come here, Hank. I want to show you something. You're the only one who cares what happens to me, so I'm going to let you see something. Come here!"

Macklin pulled a tattered bunch of papers from inside his shirt and waved them in the air in front of him. "See these," he giggled. "They're a ticket to a life of ease and comfort, but who wants it? I hate the thought of the place!"

Bache snapped to attention. "That's the deed, huh?"

"Yeah, that's the deed, my identification, the works. That's worth a hundred thousand bucks! But what do I care about 'dough? You ought to be satisfied like me!"

Bache leaped to his feet, scarlet anger coloring his face. "Cut that out!" he snapped. "Why should you have all that and not... aw what's the use! I gotta go!"

Macklin stared at the retreating figure stupidly and shook his head. "Now what can be eating him?" he said, amazed.

Back at the shack, Bache threw himself angrily down on the bed. "Why don't I ever get a break like that?" he thought, "I'd be out of here before... Blazes! We look like twins! I wonder if there isn't some way to get rid of that guy?"

For the next few weeks things went on as usual until one day as Bache crossed the clearing a streak of color glided across his path. He took one look and his hand went to his holster. He was staring at the dread coral snake, the most deadly of its species. His hand dropped to his side as a thought came to his mind. Looking cautiously about he stooped and grasped the snake gingerly by the back of its neck, crossed to the hut and strode to Macklin's bed. Flinging back the covers he deposited his burden on the sheet, pulled the blanket into place and carefully tucked it beneath the mattress. The look on his face was not pleasant to see.

A little later he casually crossed the clearing and went to look for Pepe, the half-breed guide. He found him, a cigarette dangling languidly from his mouth, lying beneath a palm tree.

Bache stared at him and rubbed his chin speculatively. "Pepe," he said, "get me to the coast and I'll give you five hundred dollars."

Pepe puffed on his cigarette without moving. "So?" he said softly, "we leave by the river. I be ready tonight. Meet me at beeg rock. I feex everything."

That night, chow finished, Bache and Macklin

stroked back to their shack. Macklin pulled the door open and they went in. "By God, I'm tired," he yawned. "Me for the hay!"

He headed for the bed as Bache suddenly tensed and stiffened. A strange look crossed his face as Macklin sat down and began unlacing his boot.

Macklin looked up. "Say," he said, "are you all right, Hank? Anything wrong?"

There was a sudden movement beneath the covers and a bright-colored head darted from beneath them, drew back and struck. Macklin leaped as though he had been touched by a red-hot iron. He rose to his feet, his features writhing in pain, and strode to reach his gun. The muscles of his face contorted even more as he tried to speak. "Hank," he grunted, "look out! A . . . coral . . . snake . . . kill him . . . he . . ."

There was a crash as his body fell to the floor. The swift-acting poison had completed its deadly work in less than a minute. Rance Macklin was dying.

Bache stared coldly at his fallen comrade, then swiftly crossed the room scarcely heeding the snake which had slipped from the bed and was gliding from the hut. Quickly he stooped and felt within the dying man's shirt. Impatiently he ripped the buttons away and at last found what he wanted, the tattered bundle of papers.

Macklin watched him through glazing eyes, unable to even call for help.

Bache sneered, "I'm going to have that house, Macklin, and that land! You had your chance and didn't take it! Now I'll have mine! There'll be no more of your gloating, Macklin! Meet your new self!"

Without a backward glance, clutching the precious papers, Bache left the shack. Cautiously he crossed the clearing and slid into the jungle. Down the moonlit path he sped to freedom and a life of ease. There it was, the river that would carry him to safety. He heaved a sigh of relief as he broke through the last remaining bushes and found the Indian waiting for him in a small launch.

Hank Bache stirred restlessly in the huge armchair and stared into the fire. Six months had passed since the night he had fled down the river. It hadn't been as easy as he thought. His boat had been smashed to bits, caught in the treacherous rapids of the river. Pepe had been drowned and only a miracle had saved his own life.

Vividly he pictured the weeks in the jungle fighting his way to the coast. Once again he relived those last hours and saw himself staggering into the mission courtyard to be found by the friendly monks and nursed back to health.

He smiled with the smug look of a man well satisfied with himself. He was a respected landowner now. A man of standing in the community. His jungle days could be forgotten.

He rose to his feet and headed for the doorway. In the short time he had been in the house he had not even had time to fully explore all the rooms. He decided this would be a good time to finish his careful check. The more he learned about Macklin and his possessions the safer he would be.

For a start he chose a small room on the third floor, tucked under the eaves. He hadn't been in this one at all. Apparently it had been used as a storeroom. Odd pieces of furniture stood against the walls and to one side was a large desk.

Throwing open a window to let out the musty

smell, he turned his attention to the desk and its drawers. The first one produced nothing more than a few old bills, the second proved more interesting. Tucked away at the back was a small envelope containing some yellowed snapshots and negatives.

Opening them he found pictures of Rance Macklin with his arm around a beautiful girl. From her clothes he judged they had been taken around 1927.

"Wonder who she was?" he thought, "I'd better burn those before anyone else sees them. You never could tell, someone might spot the difference between us. One slip and . . ."

How it happened, he never knew. He had moved over to the window and was carefully applying a match to the pictures and negatives when there was a sudden flare. With a curse he dropped them. A gust of wind and the burning photographs had scattered about the room. Within a few moments the place was a blazing inferno.

Like a madman he dashed down the stairs, grabbed the telephone and mouthed the words, "FIRE! FIRE!" into it. Was his new-found wealth and ease to come to naught?

In great fear he sped back to the burning room and ineffectually tried to smother the flames. It couldn't be! Not after what he had been through!

The clang of the fire engines brought him back to sanity. Perhaps everything would be all right. He relaxed again as the firemen armed with hose and axes thronged in and took over.

It was the work of a few minutes to put the blaze out. Bache mopped his brow in relief. He had been really frightened. His thoughts were interrupted by the crash of the axes. The firemen were ripping out the walls. "Had to do that," he thought, "never can tell when a fire is really out." A few dollars to fix an attic room didn't bother him. His house, was safe!

A sharp, excited cry made him spin around. The firemen were gathered around an opening in the wall that appeared to lead to another room.

"What the blazes is this?" he thought. Hurrying over he peered into the dim opening and saw what they were all staring at. He shook his head. No! It couldn't be! But it was! There lying on the floor was the skeleton of a woman. Somehow it had a familiar look, but why should a skeleton look familiar? Then came recognition.

It was the clothes! They were the clothes of the girl in the photographs that had started all this. Now in one great rush came the explanation of why Rance Macklin had never wanted to come home. He had been afraid of the grisly secret hidden in his attic.

He stared stupidly around him and realized what the others were thinking. "But . . . but . . . I," he started to say and then subsided.

"Better come along with us," said a fireman, and with head bent he allowed himself to be led away.

The trial was short, the evidence conclusive and the sentence direct. Hank Bache, now Rance Macklin laughed harshly as he stared at the walls of his cell in the state prison. He was to die for the murder committed by the man he had himself killed. Poetic justice, if he confessed he would be held for the murder of Macklin. Either way death was the payoff.

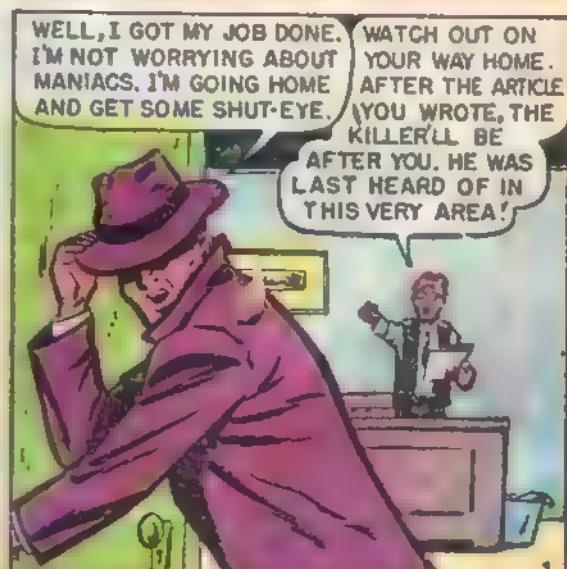
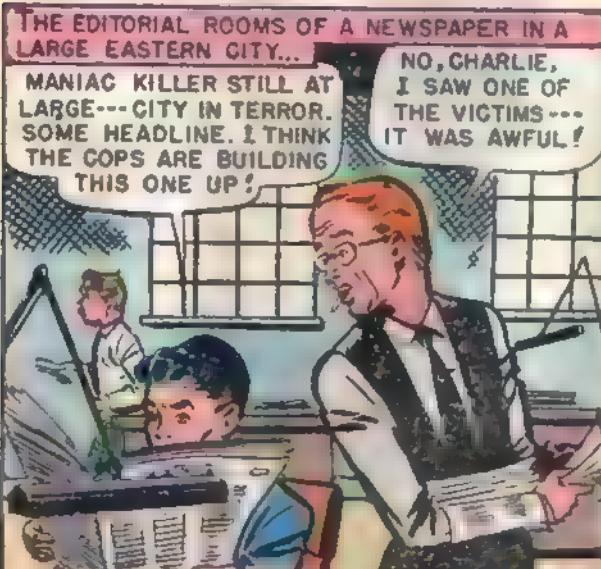
He looked up, squared his shoulders and strode to the door of the cell. "Hey, guard!" he called. "Get me the warden. I have something to tell him." After all confession is good for the soul.

THE MONSTER FROM THE PIT



FROM THE DEPTHS OF DARKEST EVIL COMES THE GRAHKU, LEGENDARY BEAST OF HORROR WHO ROAMS THE WORLD IN HUMAN FORM SEARCHING FOR HIS PREY. HE STRIKES TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO HAVE HEARD HIS NAME AND BRINGS AWFUL DOOM TO THOSE WHO CROSS HIS GOULISH PATH. MANY HAVE TRIED TO DRIVE HIM BACK TO THE REALM OF DARKNESS, DEFYING THE FRIGHTFUL DEATH THAT AWAITS HE WHO WOULD DEFY...

"THE MONSTER FROM THE PIT!"



MAC, YOU'VE GOT ME SCARED STIFF! MAYBE IF I MEET THE GUY, I CAN GET AN EXCLUSIVE STORY OF HIS LIFE, HUH? --- SO LONG, BOYS!

GET HIS AUTOGRAPH FOR ME, WILL YOU? SLEEP TIGHT, CHARLEY.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, CHARLEY HURRIES ALONG THE GLOOMY, FOG FILLED STREETS NEAR THE OFFICES...

BRR! THIS FOG SEEMS TO SEEP INTO YOUR BONES — MAKES ME FEEL AS THOUGH I'M BEING WATCHED!



THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS LEAPS A FIGURE OF TERROR. FROM IT EMINATES THE PUTRID SMELL OF THE GRAVE...

AH AH! THE MANIAC
KEEP AWAY!!!



IT'S NOT A MANIAC...THIS THING IS NOT FROM THIS WORLD!
HELP! HELP! AAAWWK...



AS THE THING OF TERROR DRAINS THE REPORTER'S LIFE, HIS FRIGHTENED CRY BRINGS OFFICER CZERNY TO THE SCENE...

SOMEBODY IS
BEING
ATTACKED..
THERE HE
IS!

HELP ME...OHH'



HE DOESN'T FALL — I HIT HIM--
MUST BE THE FOG SPOILING
MY AIM!



NO-NO-DON'T GO AFTER
HIM... NOT HUMAN, WILL
KILL YOU.

W. WHAT?



NOW TAKE IT EASY, I'LL GET YOU COMFORTABLE AND CALL AN AMBULANCE. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO CALL HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S TOO LATE... I'M DYING... COPS WON'T DO ANY GOOD... BEAST FROM OUT OF DARKNESS... OHH...

THE MARK OF GRAHKU! IT CAN'T BE! THE LAST ONE WAS RETURNED TO THE EVIL PLACE IT CAME FROM GENERATIONS AGO--!



HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. FROM THE BLACKNESS OF THE UNKNOWN HE MET HIS DEATH, BUT WHO WILL BELIEVE ME IF I TELL THEM? THEY WILL THINK I AM CRAZY!

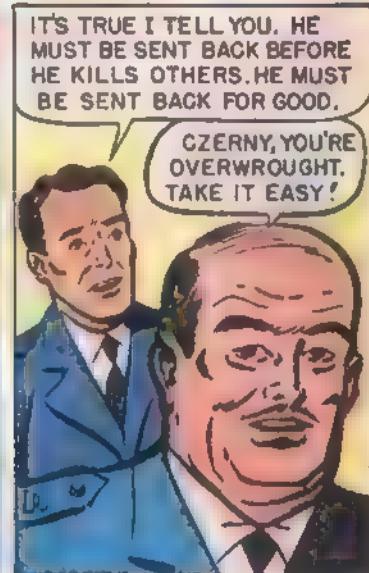
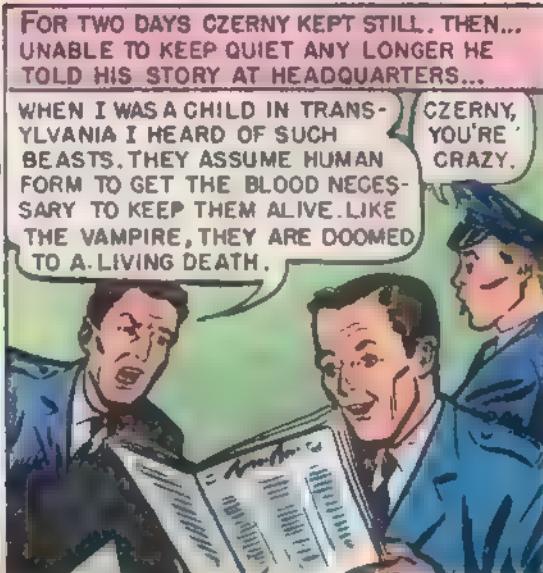
FOR TWO DAYS CZERNY KEPT STILL. THEN... UNABLE TO KEEP QUIET ANY LONGER HE TOLD HIS STORY AT HEADQUARTERS...

WHEN I WAS A CHILD IN TRANSYLVANIA I HEARD OF SUCH BEASTS. THEY ASSUME HUMAN FORM TO GET THE BLOOD NECESSARY TO KEEP THEM ALIVE. LIKE THE VAMPIRE, THEY ARE DOOMED TO A LIVING DEATH.

CZERNY, YOU'RE CRAZY.

IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU. HE MUST BE SENT BACK BEFORE HE KILLS OTHERS. HE MUST BE SENT BACK FOR GOOD.

CZERNY, YOU'RE OVERWROUGHT. TAKE IT EASY!



YOU MUST LISTEN! I KNOW HOW TO SEND HIM BACK! I CAN DO IT!

NOW, NOW, BOY THIS WHOLE THING HAS UPSET YOU. GO HOME AND TAKE A DAY OFF. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT - 'ALL RIGHT' YOU ALL THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AND I'M GOING TO DO IT!



AS CZERNY HURRIES HOME
A FIGURE SUDDENLY STEPS
FROM THE DARKNESS TO CON-
FRONT HIM... I SHOULD NEVER
HAVE SPOKEN. I KNEW THEY
WOULDN'T BELIEVE A WORD
I... YI! WHO'S
THAT?

WHEW! IT'S YOU, SERGEANT GRUSZY.
YOU NEARLY SCARED ME TO
DEATH! WHAT'S UP?

I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU.



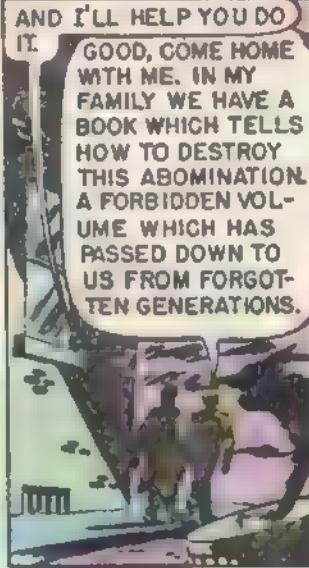
I COULDN'T TALK BACK AT HEAD-
QUARTERS, BUT I BELIEVE YOU.
REMEMBER, I, TOO, AM TRANSYLV-
ANIAN BY DESCENT. I ALSO HAVE
HEARD TALES OF THE GRAHKU!

THEN YOU KNOW HOW
DANGEROUS IT IS. I AM
GOING TO SEND IT TO THE
PLACE OF HORROR WHERE
IT BELONGS.



AND I'LL HELP YOU DO
IT.

GOOD, COME HOME
WITH ME. IN MY
FAMILY WE HAVE A
BOOK WHICH TELLS
HOW TO DESTROY
THIS ABOMINATION.
A FORBIDDEN VOL-
UME WHICH HAS
PASSED DOWN TO
US FROM FORGOT-
TEN GENERATIONS.



AT CZERNY'S HOUSE THEY PORE
OVER THE FORBIDDEN BOOK
FILLED WITH THE UNUTTERABLE
SECRETS OF THE GRAHKU...

HERE IT IS! WITH THIS
INFORMATION, FRIGHTENS ME.
WE WILL DESTROY SUCH KNOW-
LEDGE SHOULD
BE BURNED!



THESE THEN ARE THE
THINGS WHICH WE MUST
HAVE TO MAKE THAT
WHICH WILL PROTECT
US FROM THE GRAHKU.

I AM FRIGHTENED, CZERNY.
WHAT LOATHESOME THINGS,
WHAT SPAWN OF THE DEAD
MIGHT WE NOT CALL UP?



AN HOUR LATER, THEY PUT ASIDE THE
ANCIENT FORMULA AND GET READY
FOR THE NEXT STEP...

YES, BUT DO
NOT BE TOO SURE
WE ARE
SAFE. ARE
YOU READY
TO GO TO
THE CEME-
TERY WHERE
THE RE-
PORTER
IS BURIED?



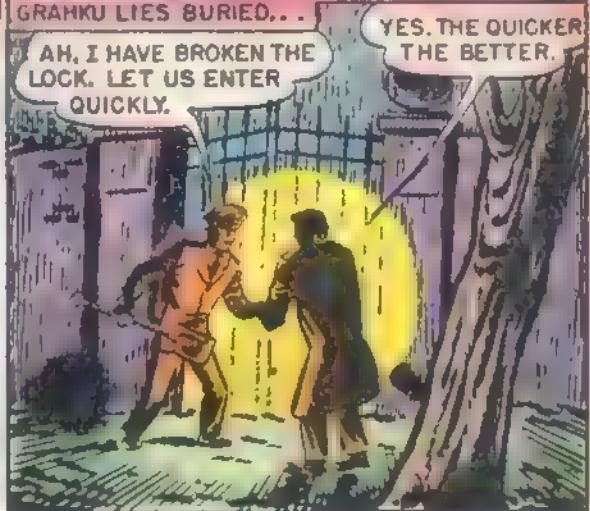
DO NOT FEAR. ONCE WE HAVE PUT ONE OF THESE CHARMS ON THE CORPSE, WE WILL HAVE WON. WHEN THE GRAHKU RETURNS TO IT, AS HE MUST, HE WILL BE OVERCOME...

...AND THROWN BACK TO THE SLIME FROM WHENCE HE CAME...PERHAPS.

SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE PAIR REACH THE CEMETERY WHERE THE VICTIM OF THE GRAHKU LIES BURIED...

YES. THE QUICKER THE BETTER.

AH, I HAVE BROKEN THE LOCK. LET US ENTER QUICKLY.



THE KEEPER! INTO THE BUSHES! QUICKLY.

QUIET!



IF WE ARE TO DO ANYTHING WE MUST GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY. HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?



THIS!

AAAGH!

GRUSZY-GRUSZY WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



OOOOH!...

GRUSZY! ARE YOU MAD? LET HIM GO!



NOW, HE WILL BE QUIET. NOW, WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THIS THING IS GETTING YOU! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!



MOMENTS LATER GRUSZY RE-GAINS HIS SELF CONTROL...

IT-IT WAS THIS CREEPY ATMOSPHERE THAT GOT ME. I... I LOST MY HEAD... HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN AWHILE. LET'S FIND THE GRAVE.



CAUTIOUSLY THEY SEARCH FOR THE NEW GRAVE...

ALTAIR ROGET—1821-1889. HE CAN'T BE HERE. THIS IS THE OLD PART OF THE CEMETERY.



LOOK, IS THAT IT OVER THERE? YES, THAT MUST BE IT! SOON OUR WORK WILL BE DONE.



THIS IS IT. LET'S GET TO WORK. THE SOONER WE ARE OUT OF HERE THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT.

I'LL START, THEN YOU CAN SPELL ME.



A HALF HOUR PASSES...

I'M TIRED, CZERNY. HOW ABOUT YOU TAKING A TURN?

RIGHT CLIMB OUT AND HOLD THE LIGHT.



WE HAVEN'T FAR TO GO NOW. ANOTHER FOOT AND WE WILL HAVE REACHED THE COFFIN.

I HOPE WE'RE NOT CAUGHT. THIS COULD BE VERY UNHEALTHY FOR US.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, CZERNY UNCOVERS THE COFFIN OF THE MURDERED MAN...

I'VE REACHED IT! I'VE REACHED IT!

OPEN IT! QUICK!



I'VE GOT THE COFFIN OPEN.
THROW DOWN THE CHARM
WE PREPARED!

AT LAST-AT LAST!

GRUSZY! ARE YOU
COMING?



GRU...AIEEE! THE GRAHKU!



YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME, GRUSZY! HUMAN
REMEMBER I HAVE FOOL PROTECTION!
I LEFT THE MOST
IMPORTANT
INGREDIENT
OUT! YOUR PRO-
TECTION IS NO GOOD!



NOW, MY FRIEND, YOU
DIE AND YOUR SECRET
DIES WITH YOU!
NO! NO!



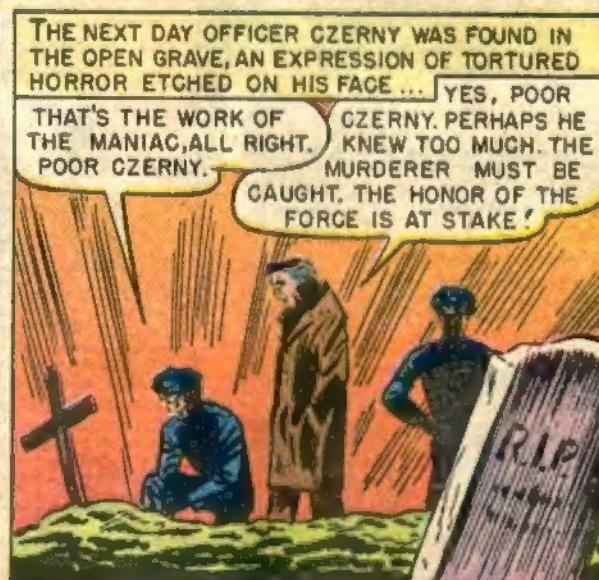
NO! HELP! HELP!
AAAIEEE!



THE NEXT DAY OFFICER CZERNY WAS FOUND IN
THE OPEN GRAVE, AN EXPRESSION OF TORTURED
HORROR ETCHED ON HIS FACE ...

THAT'S THE WORK OF
THE MANIAC, ALL RIGHT.
POOR CZERNY.

YES, POOR
CZERNY. PERHAPS HE
KNEW TOO MUCH. THE
MURDERER MUST BE
CAUGHT. THE HONOR OF THE
FORCE IS AT STAKE!



HOW MANY MORE LIVES WILL BE
SNUFFED OUT BY
THE EVIL GRAHKU,
SAFE IN HIS HUMAN
DISGUISE AS SGT.
GRUSZY. BEFORE
HE IS ONCE MORE
SENT TO THE PIT
OF EVIL WHICH
SPAWNED HIM? WHO
WILL BE THE NEXT
TO DEFY HIM AND
WHAT WILL HAPPEN?
NONE CAN
TELL



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